

THE MASKED WOMAN

By Johnston McCulley

A Thrilling Story of Mystery and Adventure

A college professor decided to turn criminal! Read this exciting story of his adventures with a band of daring thieves, led by a beautiful and mysterious woman.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Prof. James T. Baker, eccentric college professor and student of criminology, decided to turn criminal to earn a living. On his first adventure into the underworld he met "Red" Riley, a criminal, who is now and then a college professor. The professor and Riley, who is now and then a college professor, decided to turn criminal to earn a living. On his first adventure into the underworld he met "Red" Riley, a criminal, who is now and then a college professor.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMILTON BRONE seemed to be struggling through a valley filled with grotesque monsters, struggling toward a realm of safety in the distance. Conscienceless, fighting to make itself known in a mind charged with the images induced by alcohol and drugs, came to him slowly. But suddenly it conquered and Hamilton Brone was aware that he was awake and his brain sought to record definite impressions—and to call a lagging memory to its aid.

A door was thrown open, a shaft of light entered. Hamilton Brone could see the shadow of a man. And then there came a soft click and light flooded him and the space about him. And a hoarse voice cried:

"At it again, are you? Stop that noise, or I'll give you something to howl for! Think you can pull this stunt every night?"

Weak, trembling, Hamilton Brone sprang back a step and glared around him. He was in a cage—a cell. Adjoining it was another cell. The two cells were in a small room that had no furniture except a couch in one corner and a screen in another.

He glanced down at his clothes—a convict's suit. He felt of his shaved head again. Once more he sprang to the bars and looked at the man who wore the uniform of a prison guard.

"What—what?" Hamilton Brone began gasping.

"You stop that noise or I'll tell the warden and he'll tend to you!" the guard said.

Brone stared at him in amazement. He did not know that this was a masquerade, that the guard was "Red" Riley, gangster, burglar, all-around crook.

"What—does this mean?" Brone asked.

"It means that we're going to have a little silence out of you, that's all. Think you can howl like a fool every night and keep better men awake?"

"But you—and this place?"

"Are you ravin' again?" Riley asked. Madam Macadap had given him full instructions and he rather liked the role he was playing, and the opportunity to play it. Riley never had anticipated wearing the uniform of a prison guard. He didn't know the plans of Madam Macadap or why she was insisting on this play-acting, but he was satisfied for the time being to ask no questions.

"Where—am I?" Brone asked.

"Why, in Westminster Abbey, old top!" Riley answered. "Tryin' a little comedy on me to-night, are you? Last night you wanted to preach a sermon."

"But I—I don't understand!"

"What's the big idea now? Tryin' to make out you're sick and get sent to hospital? You'll get put in a straight-jacket again, that's what you'll get!"

He glared at Hamilton Brone through the bars, shook his fist at him. Brone found his voice.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"How long have I been here? And where am I?"

"A lot of fool information you're wantin'!" Riley told him. "If you don't know, and I'll do you any good to learn, I'll remark that you are in State's prison, and that you've been there two weeks—and a devil of a two weeks it's been!"

"Prison? Two weeks?" Brone gasped. "I can't understand! Why? What for? I—I seem to remember leaving the cafe with—a woman—"

"You left a cafe with a woman, all right, according to the newspapers at the time," "Red" Riley told him. "But that was more than three months ago."

"Three months? It can't be possible!"

"Are you tryin' to have a little fun with me?" Riley demanded. "Don't remember, don't you? I guess you remember, all right! And you'd better cool down and get out of this room, or there won't be much left of you inside another two weeks. The warden's gettin' sick of it."

"You lie!" Brone screamed. "This isn't prison! I've not been here two weeks. I was at the cafe to-night, I—"

"Rave on!" Riley said pleasantly. "Your act's good—gettin' better every minute!"

Hamilton Brone sat down weakly and looked up at the man on the other side of the bars.

"What—what does it mean?" he asked.

"Well, what is it that you can't remember?" Riley countered. "How much can you remember?"

"I—I was at the cafe—"

"Where you had the row with this Melkington man?"

"I—I told him to mind his business, I think—and told Lionel Wal-

NEWS OF ALL THE SPORTS

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

NATIONAL LEAGUE.							
Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.	Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.
Brooklyn	24	16	.615	St. Louis	20	22	.476
Cincinnati	23	16	.594	Boston	18	22	.450
Chicago	24	19	.558	New York	18	23	.438
Pittsburgh	19	19	.500	Philadelphia	18	27	.398

GAMES YESTERDAY.	W.	L.	P.	C.
New York, 11; Boston, 6.				
Brooklyn, 5; Philadelphia, 1.				
St. Louis, 5; Chicago, 1.				
Cincinnati-Pittsburgh (rain).				

GAMES TO-DAY.	W.	L.	P.	C.
New York at Philadelphia.				
Cincinnati at Pittsburgh.				
Chicago at St. Louis.				

Chicago at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.	Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.
Cleveland	27	14	.659	Washington	21	26	.442
New York	27	18	.598	St. Louis	18	24	.429
Boston	22	17	.564	Philadelphia	18	27	.398
Chicago	22	19	.537	Detroit	14	28	.333

GAMES YESTERDAY.	W.	L.	P.	C.
New York, 12; Philadelphia, 5.				
Detroit, 5; Chicago, 2.				
St. Louis, 7; Cleveland, 4.				
Boston-Washington (rain).				

GAMES TO-DAY.	W.	L.	P.	C.
Philadelphia at New York (two games).				
Boston at Washington.				
St. Louis at Cleveland.				
Detroit at Chicago.				

Boston at Washington,
 St. Louis at Cleveland,
 Detroit at Chicago.

GAMES YESTERDAY.	W.	L.	P.	C.
New York City, 1; Reading, 0.				
Baltimore, 2; Buffalo, 1.				
Scranton-Baltimore (rain).				
Games To-Day.				
New York City at Buffalo.				
Baltimore at Albany.				

Myers's Bat Puts Dodgers in Lead	W.	L.	P.	C.
Philadelphia, 6; Brooklyn, 5.				

MAJOR LEAGUE AVERAGES	W.	L.	P.	C.
Brooklyn, 24; St. Louis, 20.				

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Athletics Soaked Again As the Home Run Shower Continues at Yanks' Park

Meusel and Pratt Take Up Ruth's Cudgel This Time, and Slam Out Four Base Smashes That Put Hugmen Nearer First Place Than Ever.

By Charles Somerville.

MURDER OUR VAIN CONTINUES ON THE BLUFF. Twelve to Five. It's hardly reasonable, even against the Athletics, but let us ask the town to stand the shock. Seeing that WE are getting rather used to something like it from day to day.

The poor Yanks look hopeless, especially with St. Louis smugling the Cleveland 7 to Nothing whatsoever.

And the Brooklyn kicking along on top of the Nationals without the slightest sign of weakening.

This is going to be good if we wind up with a WORLD SERIES on our own doorstep.

Sure—it's only June. But why not give your imagination a chance? And not altogether imagination.

Both teams have definitely shown the high qualities of big attack and sparty resistance.

Strange, but the Babe didn't bump around town that Babe Ruth's home run record isn't on the level in that American League pitchers were being ridden into shooting him straight fast ones with the idea of letting him get away with it. To any man who knows baseball from an asparagus tip this classifies as a combination of dirt and small town guff.

Without enumerating the many walks pitched here meekly of forced Ruth, those who have challenged him have offered the prize smacker on inside curve designed to pass his navel station as nearly as possible, while avoiding crime. And Ruth in all his big homers has come out a heavy winner by refusing to wait for the ball to break on the pitcher's scheme, but instead, stepping back and walking into the drive. And if anybody can figure that as a act performance he is welcome to the conclusion. The man is the greatest batter the game ever developed. Mike Donlin, who was no Camembert with the club himself, long since accorded Ruth the palm. And

he kept the hits scored off him well scattered. Stengel, his former teammate, got two of the hits, giving seven bases on balls.

Cincinnati, forced out of first place by Brooklyn, was unable to play on account of rain at Pittsburgh.

Philadelphia, June 5.—Myers's terrific batting, which featured Brooklyn's victory Thursday, gave the Athletics his first defeat of the season yesterday. Philadelphia losing by a score of 6 to 1, Brooklyn going into first place by a margin of 5 per cent point.

After Philadelphia had scored in the first inning, Myers, who led off the season yesterday, Philadelphia losing by a score of 6 to 1, Brooklyn going into first place by a margin of 5 per cent point.

Myers, the batting demon of the previous day, landed on Meadows for a clean double, scoring two runs. Myers resumed his pounding in the eighth inning, when his triple drove in Brooklyn's third run. The visitors pushed two more across in the ninth inning.

Al Mannaux pitched for Brooklyn, and kept the hits scored off him well scattered. Stengel, his former teammate, got two of the hits, giving seven bases on balls.

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Bowling Alley By Chatter Tack

Teams and individuals who won prizes in the United Bowling Clubs' sectional tournament received their awards last night at a meeting of the United Bowling Clubs, held at the White Elephant Bowling Academy. The banner trophy by the United Bowling Clubs for the champion team was won by the Mutual Bowling Club, newcomers in the association, who were high average team in sections A and B.

Billie Cordes, President of the Eastern Allied Owners Association of New York, has issued a call for a meeting of the members of the association at the headquarters on Monday evening. Plans for the 1926-1927 Eastern individual bowling championship will be talked over. An advance in the cost of bowling will also be discussed.

But the real hero of the game was long George Kelly, the giant first baseman.

Kelly, who was responsible for five of the runs scored by his team, was the third made by the Giants in two days.

Acme Wheelmen Hold Bike Race. Final arrangements have been completed for the speedway cycle classic, a ten mile bicycle race, to be held under the auspices of the Acme Wheelmen of New York, on the Harlem Speedway, starting near Dyckman Street, to-morrow night.

Competition will be stiff, as the Commissioner of Public Works of the Bronx will be in the field. The race will be a field that has ever competed in an event of this kind.

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